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VOL. XX.

SALINA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1890.

zactly whar ter find my boy

hearted, if inquisitive, Silas.

"Yer kin trust me, mother," said the

Well, when Peter got married an

me ter live with Jack an' me he went

er between Jack more u.he. so high strung

mowed he wrote as he was tendin' crit-

Then I give in ter. Peter's personalia.

ther understanding as he was for keep

Lord knows as I was serv in dolu enough

"Then ther while our west per school

one francian to the specime on my

So it were on till ther worry got

a Personal with the Land I would remain in the

ork somewhere her than day's work

d Decembed for ant moved

rs on a ranch to Colorader.

kinder gins relief.

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A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For bed and for bloom and for balm lades breeze, For the singing of birds from the hills to the seas, For the beauty of daws and the brightness of For the light in the night of the stare and the

For the crange and apple, the corn and the carr, For the bountiful harvests now gathered and

That by ther in the lap of the nations were poured. Ye praise three, gracious God.

For the blessings of friends, for the old and the new. For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and For the tones that we love, for the light of theore That warms with a welcome and givens with

That the sorrow may cease of the sighing and sed,

That the spirit bowed down may be lifted and glad.

We pray then, pitying Lord. From count to ocean in friendliest grass.

That for south and for south and for sast and for

We pray thee, pitying Lord. For the blessings of earth and of air and of sky That fail on on all from the Father on high, For the crown of all blantings since blessing begun For the gift, "the unspeakable gift," of the Son, We praise thee, gracious Ged. —8. E. Aslamt.

The horror of war be forever at rest

HOW SHE FOUND JACK.

THANKSGIVING STORY OF THE EAST AND THE WEST "Yes, I be goin' west ter Jack," she

repeated softly to herself, as if she feared eing overheard. Her respire sent a glow to the faded cheeks of the aged woman, and her hands trembled so much that she found difficulty in completing the household tasks, which the family had left for her

aimin' ter ran away from bim an' go out west ter Jack he'd come postin right home from them doin's at Ligenier an stop me. Then I reckes I'd be shut my in the insane house, like his wife enci threated so fierce like Well 1 be goin fer fry mighty strong for git away," and with sprightly movements that seemed

dress as if for a long journey. Satisfying here if that she had everything ready which she wished to take with her, she dropped on her aged knees prayer in the bonne that had been here for so many, many years, and asked God to be with her on her journey, and for give them who had so cruelly treated her Strengthened by her prayer, and tak ng up an account balance carried beer she left the appropriately forms on the mountain cids, and walked rapidly away through the torea.

Reaching a little billock the aged woman stopped and britised befored her one of her years to break a av forey. from scenes and associations that had secome a part of her life Her eyes grew moint as she gazed at

the mendows and wands tinted with gold and brown in the lafe autumn. Her gaze dwelt, too, on the pretire plump cows which many a time her bands had hed and milkeri. Then her eyes wan level back to the comfortable Pennsylvania form bottle,

with its fruitful orchards and well filled barus, and over the fields stretching away far down in the lovely valley, and on to the picturesque mountains with their evergreen vegetation. "Good-by, ole home?" she said, with a touching quaver in the voice which all her leveless years had not robbed of its motherly sweetness: "I be runnin' away

from ye. 'Pears like ther Lord has gir me ter see clear as it be ther only way I'm ter snatch a bit o' rail happiness in this life. Oh, fields an' home an' mountains! I be lookin' my last on yer. I'm off ter find Jack." Across the fields the little old woman, and faced and heart hungry, trudged on carefully through the wild blackberry vines, then into a narrow path and out at a small gap in the fence to the broad. beaten path that wound in and out among the beautiful wild laurel at the

foot of the mountains. Then picking ber way across a limpid trout stream she reached a crossing where the train often stopped to pick up country passengers.
"I recken Peter an' his wife'd sure swear as I be crazy if they'd kitch me." she said, glancing apprehensively about her, as if she expected to see a pursuer. But not a person was in sight. Everybody except perhaps the indifferent mountaineers had doubtless followed the

example of Peter Tempkins and his family, and gone to Ligonier to the "doings." She had not waited more than a half bour when a heavy, rumbling sound fell on her ears. The train was coming! How her poor old heart leaped as the good, flushed and excited, before her. shrill whistle resounded among those laurel enameled hills!

Her steps did not falter, however, as she approached the track, waving her shawl as a signal for them to stop. The conductor saw her, stopped the train and helped her abourd. He could not avoid noticing how neat she was, and though she must have been over 70 years | an' he's doin' fust rate. But, mother,

old how sprightly she was. "Where to?" he asked kindly, having seated her comfortably in the train. 'Ter Pittsburg," she replied, taking out an old fashioned reticule. Opening it she disclosed her knitting and a clean, yellow cotton handkerchief, in the folds of which she kept her money, the little sums which Jack had sent her from time to time from the far west, and others which were the fruits of her own indus-

At Pittsburg she bought a through ticket to Denver, Colo. "It's a long, tiresome trip for one of your years," remarked the conductor.

who had assisted her. "Yes, I reckon it be," she raturned "but thar be werse things for endure in this life than long trips on kyars-then I be mighty sprylike fur a tol'ble ole

"Yes: I be goin' ter Jack." "And you're going all alone?" he neked cympathizingly.
"Ther Lord, he be with me," she re-

plied with one of her dear, old motherly He did not leave her until he had seen her seated on the right train; then he went home to his young wife and baby, and, with tears in his manly eyes, told of the old lady who was traveling all the long distance from the Pennsylvania mountains to some wild place in the far

away west. At Chicago a roughly clad, but kindly natured, elderly westerner, Silas Carrick by name, boarded the train for Denver. He became interested at once in the little old fashioned woman, who reminded him in so many ways of his own mother, long since laid to rest in a hillside burying

ground of New England.

After traveling a short time Silas Carrick, meing her look sad, said to her:

"Well, ther change has kinder upsot me," she admitted. "So diffrunt frum ther mountings whar I was raised in

Pennsylvany. I never reckoned on Jack's bein' so fur off." "Jack?" Siles Carrick asked. "Yes, Jack-Jack Tompkins-he's my youngest, su' I be goin' out ter him," she

have brung, an' a weepin' soft tears' o joy back o' her veil, be Jack's mother "What does he foller for a livin' in Colerador?" Silas questioned. "He use ter herd sheep fur a man hold Thanksgivin' with her boy." erbout ther guicless and sich places, an' done tol'ble well like out thar." she said

from Jack myself, though Peter got a "Wall, he'll have cause for thanks etter from him long this summer. So givin' now," answered Silsa. "Here, I be sure as Jach's well; but Peter never mother, let me help yer out," and he showed me that letter, an' I don't know took her in his strong arms and lifted her carefully to the ground. Then sup-"An' why's Peter!" asked the good porting the trembling form to the door "Peter? W'y, he's my object boy Peter an' Jack be all ther children I have livin'. Peter lives in Pennsylvany,

troubles, but I reckou traveliu so fur tergether makes us not strangers to each At that moment there were two simother: then talkin' over a body's worries altaneous crief of joy, and the men outside knew that the aged runaway wa

"Peter was ther oldest of ther boys I STATES. raised, an' allos a mite bossy like ter pore Jack. Jack was all of a dozen years younger'n Peter, an' he was nilufull o' life an' go, an' jest a wee bit wild. with nothing very hall erhoot him. His heart's a big one an' in ther right place. m' I believe ther Lord o all will rescue my Jack vit. I bom't but my faith

way of introduction, to Silas "Yer my own brother, Silas Carrick he cried, grasping Silas' hand; "after al yer've done fur my mother I couldn't never call yer aught else. Bosides, Pm ke would bear. So he use an runs in need of an own brother. I hain't got every out west, an' ther forst thing I one, he said, with a supreme contemp that utterly ignored the relationship of Peter Tompidus.

As Silas Carrick returned the pressu of mode my agreers agenter him, with Jack's hand and looked into the clear ine eyes, that revealed a kindly nature he felt satisfied that the mother would never lack for love and truest attention m' I recken tired o' me, tis such ther good from her Jack.

"A feller never gits too old ter need er arn my eatin' an ultica. An' Pater's cher." he said: "an' I kain't begin ter speak my obligations ter Providence fur bein' so good in bringin' mother safe ter me. I want ter just git Peter Tompbuch I was missive amount of But time? d kins out o' my head, an' think only o good things an' good folks, as'll help me ter be the better man I'm simin' ter make of rayself. I was awful down way with me, an' I to eated right out spirited like, but now my Thankagivin's

"An' to be mine!" cried Jack's mothe "The Lard has restored me ter complete happiness, after all my trouble, with my Jack on this blessed Thanksgivin'."-A.

A Thunksgiving Invitation. Mr Iven Mn Tunner-May we count on your present at dinner on Thursday, the 20th? No great organization is norded, as we feel sure you will be end drawed. You will be the cynomics of all eyes and the object of open mouthed admire-

were now, who will come to dinner after the exext feet of the uncrown, which may be violent,
and you need not feet but that several pretty
give, who are to be present, will like you very mach. Your old friend, Cranberry Sauce, will be phoned mary con-and you two always got along phoned mary con-and you two always got along hemotivity together, you know. The paper-facilities will pay you murried attention and as-thal yearner not memopolised by any one purson. It would grand not whose treth are not what

when the law we find I disck "and Siles.

The excitable to be were also be to be for a many to be for a many to be in the form and to be in the form and to be in the form and the product war are publicable.

Sith Carrie k was like a non-finite lotte.

Of daily food. Of constant good, For morning light, For noontide's sheen, For quiet e'en,

If war of two days to Thanksgiving end the solar was falling softly over the benutiful city of the plains. An agwoman, with hair like the mowilakes stred at a window, looking with long increase down the busy street at th eround, personal consultanty. "That pow self. "that it's different from bein with a buly's own. Them folks out in town seeins mighty happy and gav. on that's a sight of 'em passin' erbout, but, my

my ole heart. Help me ter find my Jack As if in tiamediate answer to her year er the dear opened, and Silas Carrick "Yer kin rejoice, mother! I've jest burd from a cowboy wher yer Jack is,"

Lord! those knowest ther loneliness of

dir com. When they arrived at Dee

wer be placed but thater the care of a

Silve lead been in Colorado before and

enew some shield dealers in Deaver. To

there he went, making diligent impairies

give him no information. No the days

engthened into weeks, and nothing had

been learned of the whereadouts of Jack

However, faithful Siles did not relia

of his in filmois.

quich the search.

"Ther Lord, he be good! His mercy endures allus," she cried, "Tell me erbout my Jack." "Ther cowboy said as Jack has a farm or ranch o' his own over in Cedar Gulch,

and he took her hand kindly. "don't be skeered when I tell yer. Jack be laid up in his cabin in the gulch. His pony throwed him, but he's gittin' better

las," she implored. It was Thanksgiving day, and the sun beamed down upon Cedar Guich pleasantly, its light striking a little cabin that neetled on the bank of a clear mountain etream.

Jack Tompkins will able to hobble to the little fireplace for the first time since he had been laid up by what had been almost a fatal accident for him. "An' this be Thanksgivin' day among

civilized folks," he said to his hired man.

"Well, Ben, I be spendin it for diffront from what I simed. I lowed ter go back ter Pennsylvany an' take Thanksgivin' an' Christmas with my ole mother. I hain't seen her fur goin' on sixteen year, I reckon. An' pose mother! Pete writes as she he helpless with ther rhenmatis. Ben, I hate myself for gittin' on that drank an' ridin' my pony like mad, an gittin' throwed over them rocks. I'm too mean ter live, an' I don't feel a mite thankful our nothin for sparin' my ornery life. If I'd behaved myself an' staid sober I could a gi'n mother sech a surprise, an' though I hain't much force I know it'd be a plumb Thanksgivin' ter

mother to see her Jack ag'in."
"Yes, an' I 'low, Jack, you'd gi'n right mert o' thanks ter be tuck up an' set right down by yer manipuy this minute," remarked Ben.
"Thet I would," and Jack bowed his head thoughtfully.

wood to pile on the fireplace; but before he had gathered up a stick some one called out: "Hello"

Ben went out of the cabin for more

"Is this hyer ther cabize o' Jack Tomp-

kins" the man saked.
"It is, stranger," retur**usé B**en.
"Be yer Jack?" "No; Jack's in ther cabin by ther fire

He's been sorter used up fur a spell."

Ben approached the wagon, and Silas
Carrick sprang out to whisper in his ear:

"Say, pardner, thet little ole woman l

come all the way frum Pennsylvany te "Jack was just talkin' erbout her ter me," replied Ben in a husky voice, "He's

But it's been two years since I heerd real down hearted." he said, "Jack's in thar, mother; yer go right on in." He opened the door of the cabin for her, kindly helped her in, then closed it behind her. "To'n' me be goin' tor stay out hyer, pardner," he said to Ren. "till that mostling over between an' he's married an' got a big fam'ly. It don't seem as I orto tell yer my fam'ly Ben, "till that meetin's over between

clasped to Jack's breast. They walked quickly away and began to unhitch the

About an hour later Ben and Siles en ered the cabin, where they found Jack and his mother sitting side by side near the fireplace, he holding her dear old hands in his big ones, while her motherly face beamed with perfect happiness.
"This is my Jack." she said proudly.

rossin' over!"

II. Gibson, in New York Observer.

graph to three to a versus like element to the tree to the control and is making greet preparations in country and is the surrounded by pretty girls, and be the wind a surrounded by th

Thunksgiving Chimes. Thanks to our God we pay.
Thanks for the year
Of love and cheer. Thanks to our God we pay

For peaceful night, Thanks to our God this day Thanks to our God we pay for winter's more, for spring's soft flow, For summer's glow, For autumn's show, Then is to our Clud we pay For greef and cheer, For guin, for loss,
For erown, for eross,
'Thanks to our God this day.

-R. M. Offord in New York Observer.

The Thunksgiving Turkey. As Thank-giving day watts down this way The structing turkey is ill at ease; "I'm soor as the turkey of Job," says he; Tough and unfit to ect, you see:

I gobble no recte of my pedigree, Less some poor fellow should gobble met And a turkey lexisant I think I'll be, For the present, if you please."

— Binghamton Republican. SOME OLD TIME FIGURES.

Vanior Thanksgiving Sinety - eight The following is taken from The Norich (Conn.) Weekly Register of Novemr, 1792, published by Mesers, Bushnell

Hubbard: Thanksgiving day may be a good intitution, but it is more like the day of destruction than any other day. It may not be unamusing to take a peep at the ransactions and expense of the wholreek, and see what real good we derive from this day, and it requires no unommon intellects to ken the deeds don by 685,009 people, for the same tragiomical scenes are acting in every far ily in this state [Connecticut], Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

Monday was washing day. Tuesday a day of darkness and despair among page, turkeys, goess, heus, duoks and pageons. Today is a day of eating and drinking. True it is, a few attend di-vine service, but just enough, however, to say we—the principal business of the day being to gormandize. Every son and daughter, and son-in-law and daughterin-law, with the whole litter of grand children, this day make the annual visit to the old cuplousel. To-morrow is a day for apprentices and servants—a day of freedom and merriment to every bondman and every bondwoman. Baturday comes the physician's day, and tartar emetic by wholesale and retail. And as 'tie good practice to aettle every Saturday night, we may as well close the account with the week.

Allowing eight persons to a family, there are in this state [Connecticut], Rhode Island and Mamachusetts 85,694 families; consequently, upon a moderate calculation, these three states must make Thankegiving day Dr. to about



Dwells Feelingly and Wisely Upon the Glories of the Thanksgiving Day of Olden Time.

Thankagiving would not be Thankagiving without its turkey and fixin's.
Who does not remember who can look back to an old-fashioned Thankagiving turkey also, and satisfies himself with a at a New England homestead, with who anxiety he awaited the opening of the great brick oven? Very early in the day a roaring fire of wood was built in the oven. A couple of hours later the em-bers and sales would be removed and the bottom of the oven carefully swept with a turkey's wing.

Then came the procession of good things, the turkeys, the chicken pies, the apple, mince and pumpkin pies and all the rest, and disappeared in the cavernous depths. Mysterious sounds and fragrant odors came from those same depths ever and anon, as some matron approached and, opening the tron door, peered in fur a moment.

THE WELCOME DUNNER HORN. The boys and girls could scarcely wait for the slow process of baking to be performed properly. Driven at last from the kitchen by their elders, they took refuge in the attic, where they rumnaged to their hearts' delight; or in the outer air, where they passed the time in playing those time honored games of playing those time honored games of "two-old-cat" or "barn tick." They were sever too diligently employed at either of these occupations to hear the dinner norn. They responded promptly when its melodious tones burst upon the sir but paused decorously at the door of the

great kitchen. What a scene burst upon their eyes and what odors delighted their senses The long table, formed of all the table in the house set in a row, was covered with spotless linen. At either end and in the center a huge turkey thrust his crisped legs appealingly in the air, while midway upon each side reposed a great chicken pie, with a diamond shaped hole cut carefully in the flaky top. Dishes of white potatoes, golden squash, pale yellow turnips, fragrant onions and crimson cranberry sauce held their appropriat places, while bowls of gravy and great branches of celery filled the intervening

THE SCIENTIFIC CARVER. The curved outlines of those mammot robblers were soon lost under the knife of the carver. In every family there is always one if not more who prides him-

self upon his skill at carving.

"Always insert your fork with the tines upon either side of the breast bone, and, once inserted, do not remove it until the carving is completed. Remove leg and a wing first, then carve the breast upon the sune side. Cut long. thin, smooth slices, and do not mangle the flesh. When one side is thoroughly carved begin on the other, if the walting appetites will allow." These are the instructions that the experienced carver will always give between the strokes of

After the turkey and "fixin's" had been disposed of, and everybody helped twice, the dishes were removed and the pies brought on.

Who can fitly describe the glories of the mince pie of our grandmothers? We never have such snowstorms nowadays as we used to have when we were boys: the woods are never so brilliant as they were then; the fish never bite so quick ly, and the cheetnuts and shagbarks are never so fat and luscious as when we used to find them under the leaves. So, too, the mince pie of today is thin, flat and insipid and bears no resemblance to those which used to come out, smok ing and fragrant, from the old brick oven. They needed no brandy "to make them keep." They were for the present use only. But it cannot be denied that for bealth, the midday sun, the Impalpable airthe eider in the barrel in the shed was slightly lowered when a batch of pies was made ready for the baking.

As for the pumpkin ples, what a rich golden color they had, so different from the sickly yellow of the modern marrowfat squash. How those pumpkins used to glow as they lay in the field ripening For shelter, u in- and mest- for sweet apprecia slowly in the late sunshine and growing sweeter with the early frosts. And the apples, too: how we watched them as they grew redder and redder as the autumn advanced, until they reached just the exact tint of perfection. How

we used to climb the trees and drop them into the blue checked gingham aprons that the girls held stretched below. After the pies came the nuts gathered in the woods and raisins from the gro cer's cart. And then came the mason of meditation. Somehow it always happened that the boys did not feel just like finishing that game of "two-old-cat" di-rectly after dinner. They climbed to she mow and stretched themselves in the fragrant hay or took a walk in the woods, scaring out a rabbit or a partridge, and coming home with handful of checkerberry leaves, or sassafras, or

birch bark. IN THE FIRELIGHT. As night drew on a formal supper was dispensed with. Doughnuts and cheese and pies would be spread upon the table for those who wished. But they were not in great demand. A little later the family were all assembled in the parior and there were character and character sketches and songs by the young folks, while their elders sat around the great fire upon the hearth.—Boston Record.

IN THE NEW YORK MARKETS.

Turkey, the Severeign Bird, Receives the Housage of the Metropolis. The few days that immediately pre-The rew days that immediately pre-cede Thanksgiving are great days in the New York markets, and the day before Thanksgiving is something enormous. If living turkeys could only foresee the homage that would be paid them on this day they would no doubt run to the headsman's block without urging, and stretch their necks for the ax.

For in truth the homory paid to this For in truth the honors paid to this kingly bird at this season are amazing.

kingly bird at this season are amazing.
All day a great crowd throngs Washington and Fulton markets, the principal mansolemns of the honored fowl. At nightfall Vesey street is almost impassable, and the neighborhood of West and Washington streets is packed with people carrying bashets, bags and even portmanteeus.

ple carrying baskets, hags and even portmanteum.

Around on all sides, glerified by the
golden gastight, hang the shapely turkeys, with crimson resettes, like stars of
the Legion of Henor, pinned on their
exuberant breasts. Secretly guarding
the dead stand the undertabers, commonly known as poultry dealers; stout,
rubicund, argumentative, loud voiced,
and, strange to any, folly. Why stranger
of course they are jolly, and so would
the turbeys be if they were alive! For
all the men, women and children in the
crowd are intensely jolly, and rightly
consider that they have not come to witness a burial, but an apothecess of turheys.

A sad eyed little widow, leading a
school girl by the hand, is struck with
the delicate beauty of a long perikal head

One of the handsomest jewelry astablishments in the west in that of
Mr. Whitebead, South Santa Fe.

OF TURKEY AND FIXIN'S.

and that the rest of the money spent on groceries. But she makes the turkey's merits so evident to her spouse that he finally hands over a crisp, new five dollar bill, tucks the bird under his and strides off to a vegetable stall, WITHOUT THEM WHAT WOULD arm and strides off to a vegetable where he pays out \$1.25 for celery, mage, THANKSGIVING BET cranberries and canliflowers. Two young girls who keep house for themselves debate for a quarter of an hour as to whether they shall buy a less turkey or a fat chicken, and finally buy the chicken. A fractious old gentleman

> fine looking duck. His wife, a handsome woman, with a red rose in her boxnet, spends nearly half an hour searching for green peas. A handsome woman, wearing a long sealskin and a queer arrangement of black velvet and crimson ribbon on her head, pays little attention to the turkeys and very much to the crowd. As the stands beside a vegetable stall, under the flaring gaslight, her gorgeous head-dress and pale, statuesque face form a

who hears this conversation eacher

at the rate of, say, eighteen cont pound. With a sigh she drope the be tiful fowl and takes another less stal

tiful fowl and takes another less stately and satisfactory, for which she pays apteen cents a pound. The sighteen osets a pound bird is enapped up by a plothesie, red faced old gentleman, who wears false teeth and a single eyegiass. After him comes a newly married couple, huised arm in arm and carrying two huge healets. The husband is tall, angular and agir; the bride small, sweet and sadnotive.

tive. She yearns for a five dollar bird.

eas he thinks \$3.50 will be one and that the rest of the money can

striking contrast to the forest of green behind her, and a painter who could utilize the scene ought to make a small fortune out of it. Busy as the markets are during the day, they are ten times more busy dur-ing the evening. Along the gaslit aisless of Washington market passes a great throng of men and women, their eyes fixed on the long lines of decorated turkeys, chickens, ducks and geose, and their ears apparently deaf to the honeyed invitations of the blue shirted pletheric dealers, who are never tired of expatiating on the succulence, freshness and general beauty of their goods. Now and then a woman will stop, lay down her basket, feel the breast of a turkey with the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, inquire its price, expostulate at the dearness, hesitate a moment or two and then draw out her purse and

do not a few young girls and boys. All seem to get just what they want, and not many discontented or dissatisfied faces are to be seen at any time at any of the markets. What right has any one who is die contented or who hasn't the wherewithal to buy a turkey in the big markets on Thanksgiving evel They are not

march homeward with the coveted fowl

in her possession. Men buy too, and so

wanted here, and the plenty that is so free to the more fortunate would simply make them more discontented. It is late, very late, when the crowd of buyers begins to grow less, and it is much later when the last cash transaction has been made. How many of the buyers have thought as they pro-vided for their own Thanksgiving cheer of the thousands who will eat no turkey on the morrow?

No one can answer this question, but

we know that some have: we know that many baskets have been carried away from the great markets laden with good things for others than the pure we know that while the ostensible spifft of thankfulness has been quite smothered in many a breast by the spirit of selfish anticipation of good things to eat on the morrow, many a table scantily spread on most days will then grean under good things thoughtfully and unobtrus provided by generous hands and hearts

And there is no better time, well fed

reader, whether you live in town or

country, for you to mingl generosity to your less fortunate friends with thank-fulness for your own material prosper? than this Thanksgiving season. Thankagiving is really the highest derotion, the truest mark of the true Christian. It consists, moreover, not of speech only, but of action, of thank offering as well as thanksgiving. So this present great annual national day of thanksgiving ought to bring forth

abundant treasure from those on whom God has bestowed his blessing. VERSES OF THE SEASON. Wait Whitman's Thanks. Phanks in old age-thanks ere I go,

for life, mere life, precious ever lingering memories (of you, my mother, dear-you, father-you, brothern, niters, friends), all my days—not those of peace alone—the days of mar the same, gentle words, caresses, gifts from foreign

tion. (You distant, dim unknown-or young, or oldcounties, unspecified, beloved, We never mot, and mover shall meet—and yet our souls embrace, long, closes and long;)
For beings, groups, love, deeds, words, books—
for colors, forms,
For all the brace, strong men devoted, hardy
to all the brace strong men devoted, hardy

help, all years, at tands, braver, stronger, more devoted men—(a spe-cial laurei ere I go to life's war's chosen ness.
The cannecers of song and thought—the great artillerymen the foremost landers, cap tains of the sould sider from an ended war return'd—As tree eler out of myriads, to the long processis retrospective.

oks-joyful thanks:-a soldier's, traveler's

-Walt Whitman in New York World. The American Peast. SEPORE THE THANKSGIVING DINNER. Happy, happy man! Tripping gayly long the street, Loaded down with tidhits ewest Loaded down with turkey fat,

Happy, happy man!

AFTER THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Delicacies as . all that --

Aching, sching man!
Skulking sadly long the street,
Loaded down wish tidhits sweet,
With stuffed turkey, rich and faz,
Delicarios and nil that— Aching, aching man -Culdentified Little Honora Mulfally.

Poor little Rosera Mulially, At the close of the Thanksgiving day, Was standing to front of her alley, A-watching some children at play. Her gown was a wonderful garment, And her hat and her shows well, I beg you'll ex-

Any further remark about them. But poor little Honors Mulially Had a face just as bright as could be, and so flower in meadow or valley Was ever as preity as sin,
And so thought an old woman who, passing,
Stopped a moment to anillingly say,
"Wir, bless your dear heart, I am sure you have
had

A very good dinner today." "Tis, inducts," said Honora Mulially,
"I did, for my frind Mrs. Down
Had a hape of sweet taters that Sallie,
Her states, baked lovely and brown,
Wid-oh, ma'arn, if you could but have seen it;—
The fattest and follows of hims, And they giv' me the gireard and neck of that

And all of the sweet tater skins."

—Harper's Young People.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Casteria.